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MOUNT SIERRA

Song and Ode to California

WRITTEN BY D. M. JOHNSTON



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"Ode to California"

AS SEEN FROM MOUNT SHASTA
SISKIYOU COUNTY, CALIFORNIA
14,445 FEET HIGH

Behold Mount Shasta in its glory,
Awe inspiring, famed in story;
Crowned with beauty all the year,
In summer time and winter drear.
Whose massive form invades the sky,
And measures nearly three miles high;
Commanding an impressive view
Of gorgeous scenes in every hue;
That stretch down to the fruitful plain
Of California's vast domain.
A land of wonders, rich and rare,
Blessed with plenty and to spare;
A land of purest atmosphere,
And mighty rivers crystal clear.
A land of fragrant flowers and vines,
Famed redwoods and sugar pines;
A land where Nature paints the skies
With radiant colors at sunrise.
A land where pretty wild birds sing
A chorus to the voice of Spring;
A land that boasts an oddlin pair,
The chipmunk and the grizzly bear.
A land whose lakes, like mirrors, show
Such peerless gems as Lake Tahoe;
Secluded in their mountain homes,
Fringed with pines and snow clad domes.
Sparkling streams and bubbling brooks,
Shimmering sunshine, shaded nooks;
With grand resorts amid wild flowers,
To spend the day and while the hours;
Enjoying rest and bracing air,
Released from toil and business care,
And proving California's claim
To head the list of lakes with fame.
A land where lies that scenic tale,
Yosemite, in grand detail;

A scene where Nature's architect
Displays her best with grand effect.
A scene where hoary granite walls,
Crags, pinnacles and waterfalls,
Majestic, picturesque, sublime,
Point backward to primeval time.
A scene from which our minds can draw
Thoughts divine, imbued with awe;
A scene where tourists love to roam,
When seeking pleasure far from home.
A scene where strangers meditate
Upon the grandeur of this State.
A wonder opened to the world
Since our flag was here unfurled.
A land the "49ers" trod,
Exploring treasures' rich abode;
A land whose bosom holds in store
Oil, Copper, gold and silver ore.
A land with fortunes everywhere,
Giving all a liberal share.
A land where lies still greater wealth;
Homes of freemen, peace and health;
A land endowed with fertile soil,
Nature's gift to those who toil;
A land with everything complete
To fill our wants and make ends meet.
Hill and valley, mount and plain,
Loaded down with fruit and grain;
Happiness and contentment, too,
From San Diego to Siskiyou.
California leads the West,
Displaying culture's very best;
Then let us all "Eureka" sing,
Among the States our State is king.

D. M. JOHNSTON.

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"Eureka"

*Hail strangers, we greet you, with glad hand and song,
In friendship, we want you to know,
If looking where "Nature's" great treasures belong,
California's the place to go.
California's the place where health and solace,
And sunshine and happiness glow.*

CHORUS—

*Like a gem, with golden setting,
California's dazzling beam,
Shores everything worth getting,
Stored in hill and dale and stream,
And a host of Bonnie Lassies,
To cuddle, Love's sweet dream.*

*Adorned with beauty, that ranks with the best,
In landscape and floral display,
California leads in the great golden west,
With grandeur in scenic array.
Yosemite, Shasta, and Tahoe inspire,
And stir up the Minstrel's Lay.*

CHORUS—

*And the Sacramento Valley and the San Joaquin domain,
Point proudly to wealth's overflow,
Where great orchards and vineyards and fields of waving grain
Big harvests and fortunes bestow.
And the Palace and the Cottage sing harmony's refrain,
And Home builders flourish and grow.
Del Monte delights, San Diego's adored,
Los Angeles, brilliant and gay,
San Francisco invites, where great futures are stored,
And Oakland is Queen of the Bay.
And the cities just named are world wide famed,
And "Mecca" of tourists today.*

CHORUS—

*Like gems with sunbeam setting,
Near the broad Pacific shore,
They have everything worth getting,
And this extra value more,
Half a million Bonnie Lassies
Full of common sense and lore.*

*California sends greeting and welcome to all,
And words that are full of good cheer.
Old Glory and Freedom unite in the call,
Declaring "Eureka" is here.
And summer and winter, California is grand,
And pretty flowers bloom all the year.*

CHORUS—

*And her balmy southern clime, with its golden fruit domain,
Points proudly to wealth's overflow,
Where the Grange and the Olive and fields of waving grain
Great harvests and fortunes bestow.
And the Palace and the Cottage sing harmony's refrain,
And home builders prosper and grow.*

—D. M. JOHNSTON.

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